Catholique: vvhereof vve haue dayly prooſes ſufficient, but one moſte famous of all, practiſed of Late yeares in Fraunce by Charles the nynth.

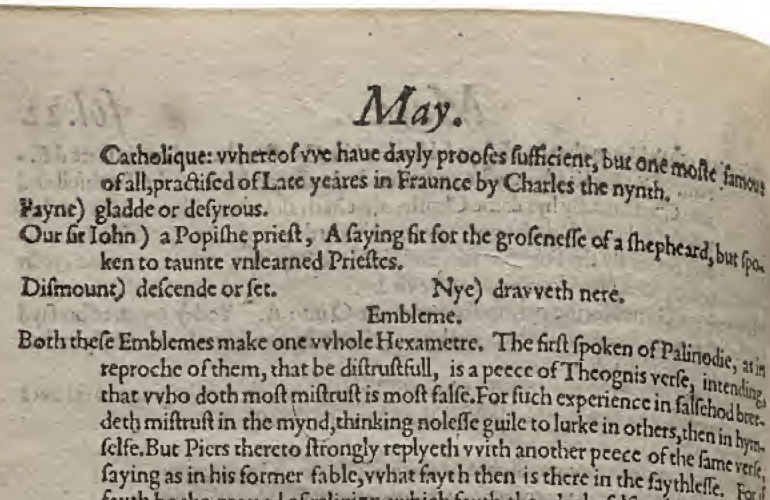
Payne) gladde or deſyrous.

Our ſir Iohn) a Popiſhe prieſt, A ſaying fit for the groſeneſſe of a ſhepheard, but ſpoken to taunte vnlearned Prieſtes.

Diſmount) deſcende or ſet. Nye) drawveth nere.

Embleme.

Both theſe Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The firſt ſpoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that be diſtruſtfull, is a peece of Theognis verſe, intending that vvho doth moſt miſtruſt is moſt falſe. For ſuch experience in falſehod breedeth miſtruſt in the mynd, thinking noleſſe guile to lurke in others, then in hymſelfe. But Piers thereto ſtrongly replyeth vvith another peece of the ſame verſe, ſaying as in his former fable, vvhat fayth then is there in the faythleſſe. For if fayth be the ground of religion, vvhich fayth they dayly falſe, what hold then is there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they ſaye.



Ægloga ſexta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Ægloge is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill ſucceſſe in his loue. For being (as is a foreſaid) enamoured of a Country laſſe Rofalind, and hauing (as ſeemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare frend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forſaken vnfaithfully, and in his ſteede Menalcas, another ſhepheard receiued diſloyally. And this is the vvhole Argument of this Ægloge.

Hobbinoll

HOBBINOL. CO

O *Collni*, here the place, whoſe
From other ſhades hath wean
Tell me, what wants me here, t
Tye ſimple ayre, the gentle wa
So calme, ſo coole, as no where
The graſſye grounde with daintye D
The Bramble buſh, where Byrds of
To the waters fall their tunes attemp

COLLIN.

O happy *Hobbinoll*, I bleſſe thy ſtat
That Paradiſe haſt found, whych *A*
Here wander may thy flock early or
Withouten dreade of Wolues to bet
Thy louely layes here mayſt thou fre
But I vnhappy man, whom cruell fa
And angry Gods purſue from coſte t
Can nowhere fynd, to ſhouder my lu

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou liſt aduiſed be,
Forſake the ſoyle, that ſo doth the bet
Leaue me thoſe hilles, where harbrou
Nor holybuſh, nor brere, nor winding
And to the dales reſort, where ſhiphe
And fruictfull flocks bene euery whe
Here no night Rauene lodge more bl
Nor eluiſh ghoſts, nor gaſtly owles

But frendly Faeries, met with many
And lightfote Nymphes can chace t
With Heydegoyes, and trimly trod
Whilſt ſyſters nyne, which dwell on
Doe make them muſick, for their mo
And *Pan* himſelfe to kiſſe their chyſt
Will pype and daunce, when *Phœbe*
Such pierleſſe pleaſures haue we in

COLLIN.

And I, whyliſt youth, and courſe of ea